

## Woman Sawed In Half

John Hiatt

She was a woman sawed in half  
It was done by a bad magician  
There was a point at which she just had to laugh  
You could appreciate her position

Her legs in one way and her head another  
She just kept thinking about walking away  
They tried to put her back together underneath the cover  
But her heart kept getting in, getting in the way

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya  
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya  
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya  
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

She was a woman sawed in half  
Let's cut to the chase, love, this was show time  
And he was sweating bullets and walking on glass  
Somewhere between the evening news and tomorrow's headline  
Buzz awhile

She was a woman sawed in half  
It was done by a bad magician  
Yeah, it was a clear cut thing, no, you didn't have to ask  
She was gonna have to make her own decisions

Her legs got up and walked away and her head came rolling  
Oh, the room was painted black light and, and turning the day g  
low  
She wound up in two places at once, her heart was swollen  
He played his musical saw in the streets of San Diego

Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya  
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya  
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya  
Ya, ya, ya, ya, ya

She was a woman sawed in half, her legs in Tijuana  
She was a bodiless head and trapeze artist in a circus in Bomba  
y  
Now a woman's gonna do exactly what a woman's gonna

Yeah, some bad magicians wouldn't have it any other way  
She holds on to that trapeze by the skin of her teeth or so the  
y say